THIS WOMAN SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, One of Thousands of Such Cases.



Black River Falls, Wis.—"As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation, I cannot say enough in praise of it. I suffered from organic troubles and my side hurt me so I could hardly be up from my bed, and I was unable to do my housework. I had the best doctors in Eau Claire and they wanted me to have an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me so I did not need the operation, and I am telling all my friends about it."—Mrs. A. W BINZER, Black River Falls, Wis.

It is just such experiences as that of Mrs. Binzer that has made this famous root and herb remedy a household word from ocean to ocean. Any woman who suffers from inflammation, ulceration, displacements, backache, nervousness, irregularities or "the blues" should not rest until she has given it a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Hartshop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

INDIGESTION

Quickly relieved by SAL-SPEAR-MINTO. Send 25 cents in stamps for large trial box to the Sal-Spear-Minto Co., New York, who will refund money if results are not satisfactory.

Exactly Like Boys.

On the track of the secret of the life that is in matter, scientists devised a dentagraph, consisting of a metal frame constructed of an alloy which does not expand or contract from changes in temperature which encircling tree trunks, records the minutest changes in the dimensions of a tree, resulting in the discovery that some trees, like the pine show great daily variations in growth, while others, like the oak, grow steadily and continuously.—Boys' Life.

"FIDDLE-FIT"

Keep Liver and Bowels Clean and Active with "Cascarets"

Sick headache, biliousness, coated tongue, sour, gassy stomach—always trace this to torpid liver; delayed fermenting food in the bowels.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will have you feeling clear, rosy and as fit as a fiddle by morning. They work while you sleep.—Adv.

And Have His Money.

Daughter—Marry that old Mr. Roxley? Why, I'd die first.

Mother—Nonsense, child! You'd outlive him forty years at least.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

A Silent Partner.

Mrs. Heck—Does your husband talk politics around the house?

Mrs. Peck—My husband never talks anything around the house.

Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp

On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your every-day toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.—Adv.

Life Vs. Existence.

"Where do you live now, Joe?"

"No place; still boarding at the same house."

Almost every man has the mistaken idea that he is essential to the workings of the universe.

There is a difference between consciously slighting a task for good reason and doing it carelessly.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Night and Morning Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tire, Itch Smart or Burn, if Sore Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes. Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

RELIEF SHIP HELD UP BY ARCTIC ICE

Attempt to Reach Mission in Northernmost Alaska Again Fails.

REACH WITHIN 69 MILES

Dr. Marquis Brings Back Pitiful Tales of the Havoc Wrought by Influenza—Whole Villages Are Wiped Out.

Newport.—Turned back by an impenetrable ice-field within 69 miles of his goal, Dr. John A. Marquis, general secretary of the board of home missions of the Presbyterian church of the United States, was forced to return to New York without reaching his destination at Point Barrow, Alaska, the northernmost mission in the world operated by the Presbyterian church.

Dr. Marquis left New York June 23 and sailed from Seattle July 7 to Nome, where he boarded the United States coast guard service steamer Bear, to reach Point Barrow, but for the second time within two years this doughty little craft with its hardy crew was unable to buck the terrific ice jam of the arctic. For eight days the sturdy boat battled, but finally on August 15 it was forced to turn back. The supplies for Point Barrow were unloaded at Point Hope, 350 miles south of that town. From here it is expected that sledges will be able to carry some of them to the needy people at Point Barrow.

"Last year," says Dr. Marquis, "the Bear was able to get within 25 miles of Point Barrow, but the steady winds this year had forced the ice masses down farther south than they had been for years.

"Massive fields of ice were reached when we were at latitude 70½ degrees, Captain P. H. Uberroth, U. S. N., in charge of the Bear, declared the ice was the worst known since 1826."

Dr. Marquis went to Alaska to see about the appeal from the people there for the erection of a hospital at Point Barrow and also to study the opportunities for Presbyterian mission and school work generally in Alaska, particularly since the influenza epidemic last year wrought such havoc. He returns with interesting stories of the work and with pitiful tales of the terrible havoc wrought by the "flu," which in some sections wiped out whole villages.

On leaving Seattle July 7, Dr. Marquis took passage to the Aleutian islands and thence to Nome. At Nome passage was taken on the Bear and for six weeks Dr. Marquis was on this government vessel. From Nome Dr. Marquis went to St. Lawrence islands and thence to Siberia. Leaving Siberia, the next stop was at the Diamede islands, and then to Cape Prince of Wales, the westernmost point of the American continent, about four hours west of Seattle.

Upon this trip the vessel's coal supply ran low and the Bear had to put back from Cape Prince of Wales to Nome for recoaling. Leaving Nome the vessel began its journey to Point Barrow. Kotzebue sound was entered and stop was made at the village, where the Society of Friends had excellent missions, and then the Bear went north to Kivalina, where no mission fields are established, but which a few missionaries visit at intervals. From this point Dr. Marquis went to Point Hope, which until recently was one of the most famous whaling stations in the arctic regions. From there the great but futile attempt northward was made toward Point Barrow.

Dr. Marquis on his return trip gave special study to the conditions as left by the influenza epidemic. As a result he brings back with him pitiful stories of the terrible ravages wrought by this epidemic among the Eskimos.

In Nome alone, says Dr. Marquis over 50 per cent of the Eskimo population was wiped out almost overnight and in other sections of the country whole villages of igloos were swept away. In one town of 300 only thirteen adults were left alive, and small villages of twenty igloos or so with all inhabitants frozen stiff. In one case one little girl and a baby were found alive in a village. This child had kept herself from freezing to death by remaining wrapped up in bed with the baby beside her. The condensed milk which sustained her life she also took to bed with her. There had been no fire in the villages for days and the temperature was 50 degrees below zero.

According to Dr. Marquis, the Eskimos showed practically no resistance to influenza and went down almost without a fight. Among the foreigners the mortality was about the same as in similar communities in the United States.

SUGAR FROM AIR, LIGHT AND WATER

New York.—During the present agitation over the high cost of living it is interesting to note several recent discoveries made in the field of synthetic chemistry. Dr. Winthrop John Vanleuven Osterhout, Ph. D., professor of botany at Harvard university, has hit upon a plan of making nutritious food from sunlight, air and water.

Although this process of food making is as yet confined to the laboratory stage Prof. Osterhout points out that many discoveries remained some time in the laboratory stage before they could be placed on a commercial basis. As an instance he cites the many doubters of the practical value of electricity, and the long uphill road Edison had to travel before he gained recognition commercially.

Anent the production of nutritious food in the laboratory Prof. Osterhout, who is in no sense a visionary, but whose manner would indicate a practical hardheaded business man, says:

"Analyzing food we learn that the three chief components are sugar, fats and protein. Until recently it was impossible to manufacture sugar synthetically, but now we have solved the riddle in several different ways. Iron rust exposed to the prismatic rays of the sun through water makes formaldehyde, since the rays of the sun acting upon the rust as a contact agent, mixed with the carbon dioxide of the air and water makes this powerful chemical. From formaldehyde certain forms of sugar may be obtained. Other ways of making sugar synthetically are through the employment of ultra-violet rays, radium and electricity.

"Part of our research work at Harvard's botanical laboratory has been to observe the process by which the plant transforms the carbon dioxide gas and water together into sugar, and later into starch, either of which forms can be preserved.

"So much for obtaining sugar. Protein is composed of amino acids. It has been found possible in the laboratory to take the carbon dioxide of the air, water and ammonia, which is also found in the air in small quantities, to form a simple kind of protein. Now through the combination of sugar and protein, both of which have been manufactured in the laboratory, the necessary fat is obtained, with the resultant nutritious food.

The Great Obstacle.

"Of course one of the greatest obstacles standing in the way of the production of food through this method is in the present cost of making sugar, which can only be manufactured as yet in small quantities. Our greatest competitor in this important field is the plant itself, which thus far undersells the synthetic method."

Prof. Osterhout, who has taught at many of the large universities throughout the United States, and has attained an international reputation as a man of science, is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. In addition to many other scientific and research societies he has been a professor of botany since 1913.

WAR BRIDES AND THEIR CHILDREN



Several hundred wives and children of American boys who fought with the British army arrived in New York from England to make their homes with their husbands and fathers in this country. Most of the war brides are British, but France and Belgium are also represented.

ROAD BUILT OF EPSOM SALTS

Texas to Have Unique Highway Ten Miles Long, Say State Highway Officials.

Austin, Tex.—A road of epsom salts is an attraction Texas can soon hold out to tourists, according to the state highway department.

Ten miles of highway out of Rockport is being surfaced with a material which analyzes more than one-fourth epsom salts. The material is obtained from flats where constant evaporation of gulf water has left silt strongly impregnated with salts, among which the epsom variety predominates.

Highway engineers declare the mixture forms an excellent road surfacing material, as the salts absorb enough moisture from the air to keep the roads damp, free from dust and firm on the dryest days. One trouble, however, is that the road becomes very slippery during wet weather, but this is overcome by adding a small proportion of shell and regulating the slope of the surface.

GERMANS ARE AFTER TRADE

Workmen Labor 14 Hours a Day to Be Ready.

London Merchant Finds Empire Is Recuperating Fastest of All Nations.

London.—"Germany is out again to beat the world," said the senior member of a city firm.

"I have just returned from a visit to our commercial connections in Switzerland. I met there the chairman of an important firm of machine manufacturers. He was obviously a German, with his square head and bad French, and for once I pretended to be pro-German, and spoke with him in his own language.

"He let the cat out of the bag. All the labor in the Schwarzwald and in South Germany, where the allies have no representatives, he told me, has refused to recognize the eight-hour day.

"The men are working furiously, without pressure of any sort, up to fourteen hours a day to be ready to enter the world's markets again at the first opportunity.

"This German chairman of a Swiss concern simply chuckled with glee when he said: 'Our good German workmen know their hands. They do not want this easy day of eight hours; they want wealth, and they will have it.'

"Germany is recuperating after the war faster than any other nation, simply because, instead of giving way to the reaction of peace and demanding the impossible by means of strikes, she is working as hard as human strength and brain allow to regain her old commercial pinnacle and again be the pre-war Germany.

Germany is out to provide the cheapest world market, and our eight-hour industrial day will spell disaster for us if we do not wake up."

Dies in House Where Born

Centenarian of Long-Lived Family Succumbs to Cold at Southfield, Mass.

Winsted, Conn.—William Benedict Gibson, who was ten years old when the first steamship crossed the Atlantic, died in the room in which he was born at Southfield, Mass., near here, aged 100 years seven months and thirteen days.

Death resulted from a cold contracted ten days ago. During his life he missed but one opportunity to cast his ballot for the Democratic candidate for president.

He came from a long-lived family. His father died at the age of ninety, his mother at eighty-eight, his sisters at ninety-four and eighty-five and his brother at seventy-nine years. He had a cousin who lived to be 101 years old.

Lizard Proved Wild Yarn.

Hood River, Ore.—J. H. Fredricy, local agent of a railway company, and vice president of the Hood River Game Protective association, stands vindicated.

Mr. Fredricy, after a fishing trip up Hood river recently, reported seeing a lizard with a blue tail and a red and white striped body. Many and varied stories were written about the "victory saurian," and Mr. Fredricy received many letters inquiring as to his brand of beverage and how it might be obtained.

Now Mr. Fredricy is happy, for recently George Chamberlain, an East side orchardist, brought a real red, white and blue lizard to the city. It is being displayed in a milk bottle as "Fredricy's lizard."

He's in a Hurry.

New York.—"I want a wife and want her quick," T. J. Hunt, ranger, Texas, cowboy, writes Mayor Hylan. Hunt explains she need not know cooking—he cooks; but she must be a "pal."

Wife's Love Is Lost; Asks Two Millions

New York.—George E. Lothrop, Sr., a Boston theatrical manager and producer, has been sued for $2,000,000 damages by Raymond C. Keller, a New York artist, who alleges Lothrop alienated the affections of Jane Keller, to whom the plaintiff was married on April 5, 1918. Keller alleges in his affidavit that the defendant, well knowing Jane Keller to be his wife, by gifts of money, jewelry and other presents, estranged her affection from the plaintiff and gained it for himself.

Dislikes Collar, Dog Buries It.

Winsted, Conn.—Averse to wearing a heavy collar, Jerry, a French bulldog owned by Andrew Saxe, picked up the collar after it had been temporarily removed from his neck and buried it under his master's cottage.

Overheard in Arcady

By CHARLES C. ABBOTT

(Copyright.)

"Ah, well-a-day, what eye may see
The forest tops of Arcady?"

I have seen daily not only the forest tops of my Arcady, but have known the way since childhood. My own feet have worn the path thither, and whatever the season, whether the dog star rages or winter rules the world, it is always Arcady under the old oaks.

My sense of hearing distinctly gains by lending no other to its assistance. Blind to all about me, not a sound but is more distinct and few escape recognition. So, comfortably seated, I close my eyes and listen. Then it is that charming tales are overheard in Arcady; and only then do those whisperings reach the ear that are not intended for other delectation than that of the whisperer. There are the songs of birds free to all the world, and those meditative melodies on so low a key that only a favored few have overheard them.

Probably the first time my attention was called to the whisper songs of birds was forty years ago, when, one brisk March morning, I recorded of a foxy sparrow that "it was whispering to a withered oak leaf." As I look now at the tattered and stained page of the old notebook I vividly recall the day.

But a truce to comparisons, the bane alike of profitable meditation and of accurate description. The simple fact was, a foxy sparrow very near me began singing in so low a tone that I was in doubt whether it were a bird or a musical vesper mouse sitting in the doorway of his bush nest. I had to look long to make sure of my first impression. It was a sparrow, and, as I then wrote, it "was whispering to an oak leaf." So it seemed, that is; but let that pass. It was singing to itself. Surely not a note was loud enough to be heard half a rod away. There was little variation in the sound as I heard it; it was a humming rather than singing, and bore no resemblance to that delightful sunset hymn so characteristic of the bird. My single impression of it was that of personal gratification. The bird was in a meditative mood. Its thoughts ran to music, as we should say of ourselves, recalling the words of some familiar song. As this is no uncommon trait among mankind, I do not see why the same habit should not be indulged in by birds.

Twice I have witnessed under most favorable circumstances the movements of a cardinal grosbeak when uttering what I venture to call his meditations, or whisper song. The name counts for little, because all description must fail in accurately portraying this feature of bird life.

In the early summer of 1896 I had a disabled rose-breasted grosbeak in a cage. It soon became contented with its surroundings and was not startled by the near approach of any of the family. Every morning, commencing soon after sunrise, it sang as vigorously as any of its kind flying about the yard; and this is with us a common bird, nesting on the hillside and in the orchard. Again at evening the bird was given to singing in its matchless way, and I could detect no difference between its song and that of those about the premises. Besides this ordinary song of the rose breast, I was frequently treated to a widely different one, heard only when all was quiet. It was truly a whispered song. It bore little resemblance to the grand outburst of melody intended for all the world to hear. It can be described best, I think, by calling it the echo of a distant flute. That the bird was intensely absorbed by its own music appeared evident from the swaying motion of the body at the time and an occasional trembling, accompanied by a ruffling of the feathers and nervous twitching of the tail. No "wood notes wild" that I have ever heard are comparable to this wonderful whispered song of the rose breast.

All observers are familiar with the incessant chirping of migrating birds, and many are the sweet songs when the red wings throng the marshes and clouds of grakles sweep across the meadows. These birds are each a merry race, nowise akin, but lovers of the same scenes, and they have set the October landscapes to a lively tune. At times among the trees we hear the countless voices of some passing flock, perhaps of purple finches, the warblers, wax wings, cow-pen birds, or larks. These are forever coming and going during delightful autumn days and add a joy to every hour of the mellow sunshine. Not one of these birds that I have named is ever mute or moody, and now, if we are alert and quick of ear, it will be found that they often twitter in so low a tone that it can be only intended for self-gratification. It is not whispering to a neighbor, for single birds separated from the flock are constantly chirping in that quiet way so suggestive of meditation. The nearest to a silent flock of birds is when we have the wax wings passing over. The cow-pen bird is more voluble and not unmusically so, especially if we give it credit for good intentions.

Abusing the cow-pen bird, like abusing "cranks" among mankind, is to criticise adversely the stronger elements of a community but for which the world would become "stale, flat, and unprofitable." The cow-pen bird has its place in nature and fills it quite as creditably as some who have set up to be its judges. Aside from its one sin of not nursing its own young, it is a bird worth noticing, particularly in winter—it is always common here at this season—when, associated with tree sparrows and snow birds and in the bright sunshine of a January day, it adds its quota to the fun of a winter jubilee. As has been well said, his "forlorn, broken-winded whistle" is at least "amusing," much more so than the silliness uttered about the bird.

There is no instance when the whisper song is so readily overheard as in the case of the white-throated sparrow. Indeed, for days together, as these birds linger on a hill's south side and scarcely move from the thicket they frequent, there is little else heard than the meditative, self-entertaining notes. As all are singing at short intervals, it would seem as if no one individual had time or inclination to listen to the others.

Now, the white-throated sparrow is not with us an active bird. It is restless at times, but not given to violent exertion. With a full stomach, the height of its ambition, existence becomes a period of restful meditation, and it is little wonder that with nothing else to do these birds should whistle. Not like the cardinal, clear and loud, or mandatory, as the Carolina wren, shouting "Listen! listen! listen!" but like the weary man who is at last at his ease, and hums a few notes or whistles a bar or two as an expression of relief.

"Easy, easy, let me be!" warbles the white throat; occasionally so distinctly that the woods are filled with the sound, more often set at so low a pitch that you must be very near to determine that it is this, or, indeed, any, bird that you hear.

I think both the tree sparrow and the snow bird have their whisper songs. Certainly they twitter without ceasing except when asleep, and they are here during those months when vocal efforts may be classed as necessary rather than voluntary or not musical for the music's sake. But there is one variation from this. If you creep carefully into a thicket and wait until your presence ceases to cause suspicion, the chances are that you will hear a few low notes of the typical nesting-day song. Observing the bird's manner at such a time, it reminds one of a person trying to recall a song by whistling in an undertone. This surely the bird is not doing, but singing in a whispering way to please its passing whim.

Two birds very familiar to the persistent rambler are the tree creeper and winter wren. Weeks may pass and you will hear nothing but a chirp, and often the wren will not so much as twitter when alarmed, but patience will probably be rewarded at least once in a winter by hearing a few sweet notes, perhaps several times repeated, and then the old mute manner is resumed.

In the case of the tree creeper, the petulant squeak is not always uttered even when you go quite near and interrupt the bird's progress about the trunk of a tree. The same is true of the winter wren. It is swift and silent as a mouse at times, and rarely chirps while here, in winter, except as I have mentioned. It can scarcely be denied that when these two birds do give way to song there must be some strong incentive, and the few warbled notes have no reference to aught beyond themselves.

The woodpeckers are a noisy race mechanically and vocally, but no note of theirs can be called musical, nor has any the significance of a thrush's song. The golden-winged woodpecker, forever screaming, chattering, and much given to exclamations of surprise, occasionally also thinks aloud, for I have often surprised it, when alone, chuckling and chattering to itself, as I have known some very old women to do.

The surroundings tell the true story. The bird is meditating. Possibly what I have heard is analogous to the grunt of satisfaction after a full meal. The song of the English robin has been stated to lack in autumn "the joyousness of spring, and the bird, in sympathy with the departing season, seems to breathe a plaintive and melancholy strain." I prefer, after much observation, to use in such instances among our own birds the term "meditative" rather than "melancholy."

In wondrous contrast to the woodpeckers are the two foremost resident song birds, as joyous and as given to singing in January as in June. These are the Carolina wren and crested tit. Either can be heard a full half-mile away on a still, clear day; yet I have surprised both these birds singing their familiar songs, or parts of them, in so low a key that it was by mere chance that I heard them at all. These birds clearly indicate that "whisper songs" are not an evidence of any peculiar physical condition. The moment following their utterance they may cause the woods to ring with their exultations, for no songs in the Jersey woods are more suggestive of victory—not over a fallen foe, but over the efforts of winter to dislodge them—not even those of the host of summer songsters. The Carolina wren and crested tit nearly reach the highest ideals in the bird world.

But one conclusion can be drawn, I think, from the study of these trifles of melody that scarcely break the silence. They point to a higher plane of mentality than we usually credit birds with possessing. They point to appreciation of leisure, of a relief from the many cares that enter their lives. As the tired laborer goes homeward from his work at close of day he is apt to express his pleasure by whistling as he walks. Akin to this is the meditative undertone of many a bird when contented and safe, it expresses its feelings in a whispered song.

Maybe.

"The gentleman seems dubious about buying one of our fireproof safes."

"Um. I know his face. He runs some kind of a get-rich-quick concern. Maybe he wants a safe that isn't."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In the Sunday School.

Teacher—Now, my little girl, come and tell us what you know about heaven.

Small pupil—I don't know nothin' 'bout heaven; I never was there.

Good Business.

"You say that neither of your stenographers wants a vacation this year! That's singular." "Not at all. You see I recently hired a handsome young secretary, and neither of the girls is willing to go away and leave the field to the other one."

Mere Man.

"When I visit the grand canyon of the Yellowstone I realize the insignificance of man. Ever been there?"—Kansas City Journal.



Keep a Bottle Handy

Pain whether it comes from rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, backache or sprain is usually most acute at night.

If you have a bottle of Yager's Liniment handy and use it you get quick relief. Price 35c.

The large bottle contains twice as much as the usual 50c bottle of liniment and lasts the average family for months. At all dealers.

YAGER'S LINIMENT RELIEVES PAIN

GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.



"I am well! -your chickens and stock well?"

If not- Give them

Bee Dee

Stock & Poultry Medicine

The old reliable BLACK-DRAUGHT for Stock and poultry

Ask your merchant!

Merchants: ask your jobber's salesman about Bee Dee!

HOME MADE TEA FOR CONSTIPATION

Is used by entire families because it is purely vegetable, does the work and costs very little.

Why pay high prices for Liver and Bowel remedies when none are better than Dr. Carter's K. and B. tea, which is purely vegetable, can be brewed at home, and a small package will last a long time.

Thousands of old people will tell you they have been drinking it for years, and after the liver and bowels have been put in fine condition in a few days by a before bedtime cup, that only an occasional cup is afterwards necessary to keep one feeling fit and fine.

People who drink a cup of Dr. Carter's K. and B. Tea once in a while, seldrom, if ever, have any bilious attacks, sick headache or sallow skin. It's good for boys and girls, especially those who are peevish and fretful. Druggists have been selling it for many years.

Garden of Eden in Mexico?

A prehistoric race that lived in Mexico centuries before Cortez ever arrived there to crush the power of the Aztec kingdom, was a civilized people who were flooded out of existence by a deluge that swept the valley of Mexico, as relics picked up near the capital city prove, and some writers assert that Mexico was the site of the beginning of man and that it was in this valley that Noah set forth for his 40-day tour of the flooded world.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription.

Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Getting Bail for Moses.

It was at the Greek theater. "Miriam, sister of Moses," alias Ruth St. Denis, was dancing the Israelites from the Red sea to the wilderness. At left center of the stage stood two policemen listening. The actors were discussing the merits and demerits of one god, Baal, who appeared to have a big influence on the play.

"What are they doing now?" asked one cop of the other.

"Well," replied the second, "it's kinda mixed up, but the way I make it the guy on the end with whiskers is trying to get bail for Moses."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Influenza Exterminates Red Men.

Reports from Cross Lake, 80 miles north of Winnipeg, indicates that influenza has almost wiped out the Indian population in that district. According to the report there are no physicians near to give aid.

Good health depends upon good digestion. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills safeguard your digestion and your health. A medicine as well as a purgative. Adv.

When the host smiles most blandly he has an eye to the guest's purse.—Danish Proverb.

Contentment may be better than riches, but it doesn't pay the rent.

Children's Coughs

may be checked and more serious conditions of the throat often will be avoided by promptly giving the child a dose of safe

PISO'S

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